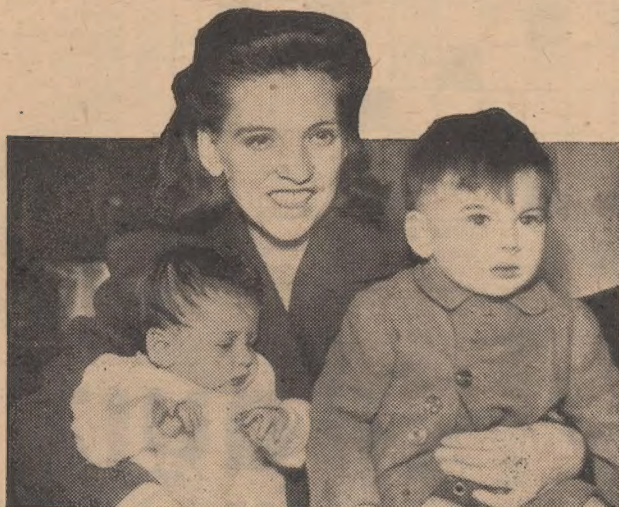


Good Morning 498

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



We Three Pose for Tel. James Baskwell

WHEN we called at 47 Fir-hill Street, Glasgow, Tel. James Baskwell, your wife was on the point of taking the wee one for a walk. That meant that we had to lift pram and Veronica up those stairs again—it amused the lady, anyway.

Your sister Nancy was home on leave from the A.T.S. recently, and visited No. 47 with her mother.

Young John spends most of his hours pulling the tail of a kitten your wife bought

him. Veronica can't say "Daddy" yet, but she is going to be a fine kiddie, if her plump little limbs are any indication.

Your wife asked if she could write the last paragraph—so this is personal, from her to you:

"Come home soon, darling, and we will go down to England so I can buy you the pint I promised."

"Love from the three of us.—Betty."

Musical Note, A.B. Billy Gascoigne and an invite for Johnny Sherrie

DARK-HAIRED ex-Land Girl Irene Gascoigne, of Hipper Street West, Brampton, near Chesterfield, wife of A.B. William (Billy) Gascoigne, looks like being the instigator of another happy romance in her family. You see, when she writes to her hubby she can see sister Joan, across the table, writing to hubby's best pal, Johnny Sherrie, who is on the same submarine.

Joan and Johnny have not met yet, but have exchanged photographs, and hope, now a new picture has been taken for "Good Morning," that it will "kill two birds with one stone," so to speak, seeing that Irene is here playing the organ—the tune, by the way, is "I'll walk along"—and Joan is seeing that she gets the notes right.

Johnny hails from Scotland, but the Gascoigne family hope he will toddle along with Billy to see them when he gets a leave—and especially Joan. So this is to record the invite, Johnny.

Irene used to play the violin, but confessed that as she had no real talent for the strings, she now indulges in her love of music by tinkering on the organ. She was in the Land Army, but came out in January, due to illness.

But although she has gone back to her pre-war firm, making surgical dressings, she still gets fresh air by helping farmers in the district at nights and week-ends.

And as she has had plenty of experience, especially in dairy work, they welcome her with open arms.

She often wonders why she never met Billy before. They lived all their lives in the same districts, and their fathers are distant relations. They were married on December 18, last year, and Irene told "Good Morning": "I haven't seen him for a few months, but I should love him to be home for our first-year celebration. I should also like brother Victor—he's fighting abroad now—to be home to see him. They've never met."

So, Bill, here's hoping her wish comes true.

W. H. Millier and his pals at "The Sign of the Jolly Roger"

31 OCT. 1944

Good Horse Sense Steve's Derby Secret

PADDY LYNCH returned to join the company at the "Jolly Roger" the other evening, and this usually jovial ex-jockey required several helpings of liquid nourishment before his expansive features registered some semblance of contentment. "Compulsory holidays with full pay for the hard-working populace is a grand thing," said Paddy, "but not in war-time. What a period to choose for such an experiment with the railways running a skeleton service and about 98 per cent. of the people who used to travel in their own cars compelled to use the trains."

"It sounds as if you've had a bad journey," said Nat. "Did somebody tread on your corns?"

"Tread on me! I've been trampled, crushed and banged about so good and hearty that I'm not making another train journey this side of peace day unless my very life depends upon it. But I've been trampled on in good company. On the journey up I was banged in the solar-plexus by a little fellow with a hard head, and it turned out to be my old friend, Freddie Fox."

"We little blokes don't stand much chance when it comes to holding your end up in a crush, but we laughed it off. Then, coming back, when I was the fourteenth in our compartment, I spotted Gordon Richards trying to find a spare bit of train to squeeze himself into. I shouted 'Here you are, Gordon, there's room for you,' and the other thirteen wanted to murder me for inviting more into our gas chamber."

"Perhaps it was as well that he couldn't trace where the voice came from, because I didn't see where he got in, and I badly wanted to ask him a few questions. Oh, won't it be a grand day when we can buy petrol as and when we need it? I'll never use a train again."

"I'll bet Gordon found a pitch somewhere," said the gov'nor, "probably in the guard's van. They all know him well enough to look after him."

"I wonder he has not retired," said Nat. "He must by now be about the richest jockey ever known."

"Why should he retire?" asked Paddy. "He can still ride as well as ever."

"Oh, I don't say he should retire if he doesn't wish to, but merely that with his healthy bank balance there isn't the need to keep pegging away. Of course, it doesn't come hard to him, because he does not have to starve to keep his weight down, and he is not the sort of fellow to throw his money down the drain, as have so many famous jockeys before him."

"I shouldn't be surprised," said the gov'nor, "if Gordon

Richards is staying on until he has broken his luck by riding a Derby winner."

"It is strange how that honour has eluded him all these years. He has proved himself to be the greatest jockey so far as the actual number of his winners is concerned, and yet he cannot win a Derby."

"When he beat Fred Archer's record a few years ago quite a lot of prominence was given to it, and nobody begrudged Gordon his full measure of praise, but a few knowledgeable people pointed out that it was really only the actual number of winners that he had surpassed."

"That would be about the only point the two had in common," said Bernard. "In Archer's case, he had ridden his vast number of winners—2,748 out of 8,084 mounts, to be exact—within a shorter space of time. Fred never enjoyed good health because he always had to starve himself to keep his weight down. I think he was the tallest jockey ever known in flat-racing."

"He was a freak, of course, but there is no doubt that he was a wonderful jockey. For 13 successive years he headed the list of winning jockeys, an unsurpassed record. Yet his life was a tragedy and he died by committing suicide at the early age of 29."

"And you have to add," put in Paddy, "that the bookmakers had nearly all his money, which probably helped him along to his early grave."

"Maybe, but I don't see how you can blame the bookmakers for that. After all, that is their business, and they don't compel people to bet with them."

"I thought jockeys were not allowed to bet," said Nat.

"Perfectly true," answered Bernard, "but there are precious few who observe that rule. You don't imagine that before they go to the starting post they stroll up to the bookmakers' stands and place their bets. There is always some kind friend to do the betting for them."

"You can take it from me," said Paddy, "that Gordon

knows better than to get mixed up in betting. He is quite satisfied with his retainers and riding fees, which, perhaps, is why he has lasted so long and has been so successful."

"He has certainly been successful," said the gov'nor, "and yet I cannot quite understand why it is that he has always picked the wrong horse, when he has had the choice, for his mount in the Derby. It does lend itself to the belief that although he may be a wonderful horseman, it is probably true to say that he is not such a wonderful judge of a horse."

"That may be the explanation," said Paddy, "although I should not like to be too definite about it. Now, with my old pal, Steve Donoghue, I can say that it was his sound judgment of a horse that was almost half-way towards winning the Derby."

"You know, he became known as the Derby specialist and he laid himself out to get the best horse, and he rarely made a mistake."

"Supposing he was signed up to a stable and had to ride a horse he didn't fancy for the race, what then?" asked Nat.

"You could leave it to Steve to persuade the owner to release him," answered Paddy. "Snake-charmers weren't in it with Steve when he was out after big game. That reminds me of how he managed to get the ride on Captain Cuttle for the Derby, which he won for Lord Woolavington, the whisky millionaire. I was told the story in Dublin by Tommy Burns, the north-country jockey, who was feeling sore about it at the time."

"You had better have a little refresher before you start," said the gov'nor.

"Fine! Well, Burns was a very successful jockey and had a big connection, but he never rode at Southern meetings to any great extent. Imagine his delight when he was asked to ride Captain Cuttle in the Derby. He was so keen that he went to help train the horse and ride him in his gallops."

"Tommy told me that directly he started to ride him he knew that he had an exceptional mount. He described him as a horse and a half."

"One day, not many days before the big Epsom meeting, when he was about to ride Captain Cuttle in a gallop, a small speck appeared in the sky and gradually grew larger. It was an aeroplane, and was making straight for the gallops. After circling twice, the plane landed and out stepped a small figure in riding rig-out. It was our friend, Steve Donoghue."

"He lost no time in preliminaries, but turned his charm machine at full pressure on Fred Darling, the trainer. He asked to be allowed to ride Captain Cuttle in a gallop. Darling pointed out that Burns had been chosen to ride the horse in the Derby, a fact which Steve knew well enough, but if Tommy didn't mind there was no harm in Steve riding him this morning."

"What was the idea in wanting to do that?" asked Nat.

"Why, my wooden-headed friend, it was part of Steve's policy as the Derby specialist to go the round of the stables trying out for himself all the horses with a chance of winning the Derby. In that way he soon knew which was the best horse of the year, and, I'll say this for him, his judgment was sound."

"At all costs, Tommy climbed down and allowed Steve to ride Captain Cuttle. As soon as he had tried the horse out Steve was off again in his aeroplane, and the next thing Burns and Darling heard was that Donoghue was to ride Captain Cuttle in the Derby."

"How did he manage to bring that about?" asked the gov'nor.

"Oh, by his usual process of spell-binding. Directly Steve had made sure that Captain Cuttle was indeed the horse and a half that Burns said he was, he went straight to Lord Woolavington and sat on his doorstep until he managed to get his way. Of course, Captain Cuttle won the race easily."

"And what did Burns get out of it?" asked Nat.

"I'm coming to that," answered Paddy, "and as a story, which happens to be true, it makes Nat Gould and Edgar Wallace read like the compilers of nursery tales."

"You see, Tommy was very sore, and rightly so. He told his friends about it and they advised him to see a lawyer and to sue for breach of contract. The lawyer worked things out with Tommy, and they estimated that winning the Derby would be worth at least £10,000 to the jockey."

"This was the sum asked for as compensation, and Lord Woolavington was sporting enough to realise that this was about right. He must have felt that he should not have allowed himself to be talked into giving the ride to Steve, although he was ill and under his doctor at the time. At any rate, he paid up."

"That was very decent of him," put in the gov'nor. "And did Burns invest his money?"

"That happens to be a bit of unconscious humour on your part," answered Paddy. "Invest is a good word. He put it in his vest right enough, but it didn't stay there long. Let me tell you."

"Tommy was in Dublin in those days and it was the time when the Free State Government had not completely dissolved the I.R.A. As you may have heard, gunmen were as plentiful as flies round a treacle pot, and stick-ups were not uncommon."

"Burns went to a certain office in Dublin to collect the money. To his amazement, instead of receiving a cheque, he was paid out the whole of the £10,000 in notes."

"He stuffed them in his vest, buttoned up his coat and left. Round the first corner he ran slap into an ugly-looking guy with a gun, and it was just a matter of 'I know what you've got there, hand it over double-quick or be drilled full of holes'."

"Well, Paddy, that certainly is new to me," said the gov'nor, "and I think we ought to have a final round on the strength of it."

"Yes, that is the first time I've told you that story, but it is not the first time Burns has told it. He'll never forget it if he lives to see fifty more Derbies. It was the unluckiest year of his life."



Your Criticism and Ideas about Good Morning are welcome—and necessary. Write to "G.M." c/o Press Division Admiralty London, S.W.1

The "Silent Ones" Stand Sentinel

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By the courtesy of the executors of
RIDER HAGGARD

IT was already dark when we camped in some huts at the foot of the "Three Witches," as the triangle of mountains were called to which Solomon's great road ran. Our party consisted of our three selves and Foulata, who waited on us—especially on Good—Infadoos, Gagool, who was borne along in a litter, inside which she could be heard muttering and cursing all day long, and a party of guards and attendants. Never shall I forget the sight afforded by those three towering peaks in the early sunlight of the following morning.

For an hour and a half or more we tramped on up the heather-fringed road, going so fast in our excitement that the bearers with Gagool's hammock could scarcely keep pace with us, and its occupant piped out to us to stop.

"Go more slowly, white man," she said, projecting her hideous shrivelled countenance between the curtains, and fixing her gleaming eyes upon us; "why will ye run to meet the evil that shall befall you, ye seekers after treasure?"

However, on we went, till we saw before us, and between ourselves and the peak, a vast circular hole with sloping sides, three hundred feet or more in depth, and quite half a mile round.

"Can't you guess what this is?" I said to Sir Henry and Good, who were staring in astonishment

down into the awful pit before us. They shook their heads.

"Then it is clear that you have never seen the diamond mines at Kimberley. You may depend on it that this is Solomon's Diamond Mine."

At the edge of this vast hole, which was the pit marked on the old Dom's map, the great road branched into two and circumscribed it. Along this road we pressed, driven by curiosity to see what the three towering objects were which we could discern from the hither side of the great hole. As we got nearer we perceived that they were Colossi of some sort or another. But it was not until we got quite close that we

the one to our right, which had the face of a devil. That to our left was serene in countenance, but the calm upon it was dreadful. It was the calm of inhuman cruelty.

The three formed a most awe-inspiring trinity, as they sat there in their solitude and gazed out across the plain for ever.

Before we had finished examining these extraordinary relics of remote antiquity Infadoos came up, and having saluted the "Silent Ones" by lifting his spear, asked us if we intended entering the "Place of Death" at once, or if we would wait till after we had taken food at mid-day.

take some food with us. Accordingly Gagool's litter was brought up, and that lady herself assisted out of it; and meanwhile Foulata, at my request, stored some "biltong," or dried game-flesh, together with a couple of gourds of water in a reed basket. Straight in front of us, at a distance of some fifty paces from the backs of the Colossi, rose a sheer wall of rock, eighty feet or more in height, that gradually sloped up till it formed the base of the lofty snow-wreathed peak, which soared into the air three thousand feet above us.

As soon as she was clear of her hammock, Gagool cast one evil grin upon us, and then, leaning on a stick, hobbled off towards the sheer face of the rock. We followed her till we came to a narrow portal solidly arched that looked like the opening of a gallery of a mine.

Here Gagool was waiting for us, still with that evil grin upon her horrid face.

"Now, white men from the stars," she piped; "great warriors, Incubu, Bougwan, and Macumazahn the wise, are ye ready? Behold I am here to do the bidding of my lord the king, and to show you the store of bright stones. Ha! ha! ha!"

"We are ready," I said. "Good! good! Make strong your hearts to bear what ye shall see. Comest thou too, Infadoos, who didst betray thy master?" Infadoos frowned as he answered—

"Nay, I come not; it is not for me to enter there. But thou, Gagool, curb thy tongue, and beware how thou dealest with my lords. At thy hands will I require them, and if a hair of them be hurt, Gagool, be'st thou fifty times a witch thou shalt die. Hearest thou?"

"I hear, Infadoos; I know thee, thou didst ever love big words; when thou wast a babe I remember thou didst threaten thine own mother. That was but the other day. But fear not, fear not, I live but to do the bidding of the king. I have done the bidding of many kings, Infadoos, till in the end they did mine. Ha! ha! I go to look upon their faces once more, and Twala's too! Come on, come on, here is the lamp," and she drew a great gourd full of oil, and fitted with a rush wick, from under her fur cloak.

"Art thou coming, Foulata?" asked Good in his villainous Kitchen Kukuana, in which he had been improving himself under that young lady's tuition.

"I fear, my lord," the girl answered timidly.

"Then give me the basket."

"Nay, my lord, whither thou goest, there will I go also."

"The deuce you will!" thought I to myself; "that will be rather



"... What did you say I could do with my custom in future, Mr. Briskitt?"

recognised the full majesty of these "Silent Ones."

There upon huge pedestals of dark rock, sculptured in unknown characters, twenty paces between each, and looking down the road which crossed some sixty miles of plain to Loo, were three colossal seated forms—two males and one female—each measuring about twenty feet from the crown of the head to the pedestal.

The female form, which was nude, was of great beauty, but unfortunately the features were injured by centuries of exposure to the weather. The two male Colossi were, on the contrary, draped, and presented a terrifying cast of features, especially

If we were ready to go at once, Gagool had announced her willingness to guide us. As it was not more than eleven o'clock, we—driven to it by a burning curiosity—announced our intention of proceeding instantly, and I suggested that, in case we should be detained in the cave, we should

JANE



MIXED DOUBLES

The following are jumbles of pairs of words or things or people often associated together; for instance, "Ducks and Drakes," etc.

- (a) INVITED PANEL.
(b) DRAW NO WIRE.
- (a) ATE SINGLE NUT.
(b) BEEF TO BUILD.
- (a) CITED IN PORT.
(b) LEARNT PIANO.
- (a) TIRES OF LUCY.
(b) NO CHEAP LINES.

(Answers in No. 499.)

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 21

1. Rearrange the following words to make a sentence, and then state if it is true or false: Thunderbolt any as thing is really such a not there.

2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Dutch, German, Romansch, Flemish, Sanskrit, Afrikaans.

3. If A equals B, C sometimes equals A, and D equals B when C equals A, is it necessarily true that: (a) A is sometimes equal to D, (b) A, B, C and D are sometimes all equal, (c) C equals D when A equals B?

4. Which of the following statements are meaningless? (a) Every rule, even this one, has an exception.

(b) I am three times as old as I was thirty years ago.

(c) I am a man who never tells the truth.

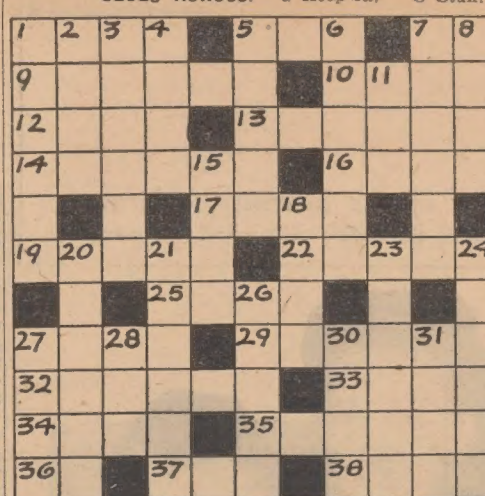
(Answers in No. 499.)

Answers to Test No. 20.

1. Trumps.
2. Moment is a general term; others are exact measurements.
3. Sharp.
4. No. It takes five seconds to strike six, and 11 seconds to strike 12.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Keep on. 5 Stuff. 7 What.



CLUES DOWN.

1 Agile. 2 Girl's name. 3 Blue flower. 4 Small shark. 5 Scottish county. 6 Cease. 7 Fur. 8 Tints. 11 Young animal. 15 Comfortable. 18 Due amount. 20 Prophet. 21 Subjects. 23 Cheer. 24 Scraped roughly. 26 Jig. 27 Bulges. 28 Proper. 30 Poetry. 31 Observe.

- 9 Money received.
- 10 Cream-coloured.
- 12 Cut with scissors.
- 13 Recurrence.
- 14 Choice.
- 16 Bird like stork.
- 17 Electrical units.
- 19 Defensive ditches.
- 22 Volatile liquid.
- 25 Cheshire town.
- 27 Ordered.
- 29 Decks.
- 32 Keen perception.
- 33 Decline.
- 34 Being merry.
- 35 Make.
- 36 Compass point.
- 37 Entreat.
- 38 Radiate.

VETCH LEAPT
TROUSING E
SWARM PURSE
TACKLED REIN
AGE REDEEMS
T CUPID P
PARASOL SEW
LION TENURE
ELUDE MORSE
A CLEARED D
STEEL ASSAY

QUIZ for today

1. Tharm is a smell of gas, drink, dress material, catgut, imitation precious stone, native language of Fiji?
2. Give three names which may be applied to a group of moorhens.
3. What is French toast?
4. What and where are the Crumbles?
5. About how many members of the Bach family became noted musicians?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Splendiferous, Gorgeous, Apostolic, Venetian, Convenient, Phisyc.

Answers to Quiz in No. 497

1. Plant.
2. Bunch, knob, spring.
3. (a) Jupiter, (b) Venus.
4. A bog in Lancashire.
5. Johann S. Senior, Johann S. Junior, Richard S., Oscar S.
6. Ptarmigan, Terrapin.

CONVICT AWARDS

CERTIFICATES of service have been presented to convicts in New Jersey State Prison by the U.S. Army.

It was an official acknowledgment of the fact that they had offered themselves for dangerous experiments with tropical fevers.

All were volunteers, and hundreds of fellow convicts cheered them when the certificates were presented at a ceremony in the prison.

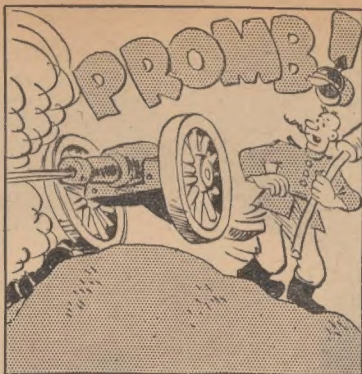
Some of the "guinea pigs," some "lifers" among them, suffered severely from the fevers with which they were infected. Others did not suffer at all, but this result was just as important to the research workers.

Here are some of the States of America. The letters are in the right column but not in the right line. Can you find them?

MRLRSKI
MORAHNDO
AILAAUIN
CIKGOORS
NISHISMA
VKCONAAA
OELSNOIS
ILBIIGAA

(Answers in No. 499.)

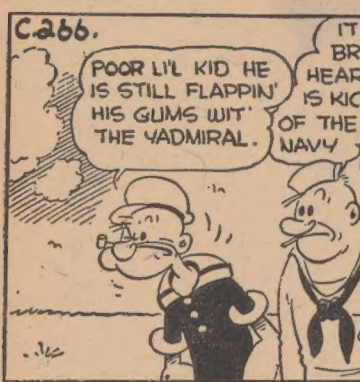
BEELZEBUB JONES



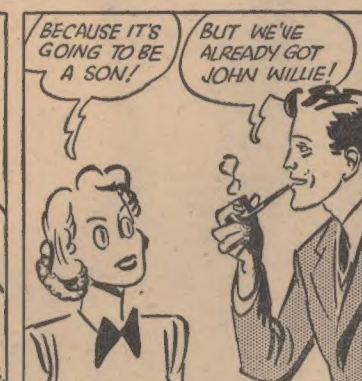
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT YOURSELVES

ARISTOCRACIES.

BUT of all aristocracies it is, I believe, true that, like the giant who wrestled with Hercules, they lose their strength the moment both their feet are lifted from their mother earth. Ask them what they mean to do at eight o'clock on Thursday, and they usually can give you a very good answer. Tell them to do it, and they do it uncommonly well. But ask them what ought to be done next year, and they grow hazy.

G. M. Young.

WORSE HORROR!

UP to now the German chemical laboratories have supplied their forces with the material derived from the Ruhr and elsewhere to feed their engines of death and destruction; but if all this is taken away, the Hun will not be slow to switch on to the bacteriological laboratories to exercise his devilish ingenuity. I am convinced the next war (if it comes off) will be fought in the "lab." ... The blast furnaces of the Ruhr cannot be hidden or camouflaged; the bacteriologist can work underground.

W. M. Scott.

MONEY FOR MOTHERS.

AS Sir William Beveridge puts it, by 1960 we shall be in a panic about our population. But panic will be of no use. At a crisis the production in munitions, etc., can be accelerated, but never the production of an adult citizen. That takes nineteen years. The problem is largely psychological. The public must be made to realise the urgency of the danger, and to appreciate that parenthood, and especially motherhood, is a national service. And to bring home the latter point, it is essential that the status of the mother should be recognised by making the children's allowance payable to her.

Eleanor F. Rathbone, M.P.

HOME-MAKING.

DON'T talk to me about girls not being interested in cooking. We can hardly satisfy the demand for brides' classes. The girls are tremendously keen, not only on cookery, but everything to do with home-making. People who say that girls will not settle down to home life when they are demobilised don't know what they are talking about.

Eileen Murphy.

YOUR HEALTH.

YOU may take every care of your health, but if your emotional life is not well adjusted you will not be fit. ... In the olden days doctors divided illnesses into two—those of the mind and those of the body. There was, so to speak, a clean-cut division between these two ills to which the flesh is heir. To-day medical science realises that such a division is impossible. For disturbances in the mind often upset bodily function, just as bodily disorders disturb the workings of the mind.

Anthony Weymouth.

PRE-WAR.

THERE is a sort of legend that the pre-war world was such a terrible place that it was hardly worth living in, and that unless we can do much better in the future the war will have been fought in vain. This is certainly a distorted picture so far as economic conditions at home were concerned. In point of fact, for three out of every four people the years between the wars represented a marked and growing improvement in comfort and well-being, as indicated by better housing better food, clothes and education, holidays, radio sets, cinemas and motor-cars.

Captain L. D. Gammans, M.P.



"See? Miss Smith does come before you, Mr. Toogle!"

**Good
Morning**

This England

Quiet old Yorkshire town of Knaresborough dreams its quiet dreams in the sunshine, waiting for the day when the boys come home.



"That Old Man of mine's late again. Wonder what the excuse will be this time. Rummy sort of business conference that lands him home at 11 p.m.—and singing at that!"

"Did somebody call my name?" is what Lynne Roberts, star of British Lion/Republic, seems to be asking. "Why, yes, Lynne, we did. Gotta date to-night?"

"And now, I suppose, they won't be happy till they have us sitting down all day, laying eggs."



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

